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The Kid Across The Street



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Chapter 1 by 🔍 Sophie 🔍

I'm different then everybody else. I'm strange. I'm weird. I've heard it all. Ever since my parents died, moving in with my Aunt Matilda, it's been weird. There's always a weird boy walking around the neighborhood that just stands in front of our house and stares into my window. And I always see a knife in his hand.

Always.

I try to make people believe that he's going to murder me one day, but no one believes me. Not even my one good friend, Emily, believes me. All she says is "C'mon Claire, no one believes that."

But they were all wrong...

Chapter 2 by Isaiah Ellis



A few years after Emily had said that she had doubted me, we were hanging out in my room, preparing for a sleep over. It's was summer at the time, and no matter what we did, we couldn't seem to cool down to a comfortable level. "Why don't we head to Vick's?" Emily suggested.

Vick's was an all you can eat soft serve buffet, or at least it was called that. It was open every

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and it sounded perfect for this horribly hot summer Friday evening.

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After convincing Aunt Matilda, we headed down to Vick's. As we were walking there we saw the strange boy walking down the other side of the street, with a

knife in hand.

Just like always.

Once we got to Vick's Aunt Matilda, or Aunty as she always tries to get me to call her, paid at the front desk and me and Emily headed back to where the ice cream is. Like always, they had their 23 flavors of the day, set out buffet style like they do with the salad bar at Pizza Hut. "That's new. Who would eat Papaya-Chocolate ice cream?" Emily asked to no one in particular. She wasn't a big fan of fruit. I walked over to her and put a scoop of Papaya-Chocolate in my bowl. "I would." I replied.

After grabbing 4 or 5 scoops of ice cream each, we sat down at a table over at the side of the restaurant, and Aunty came to sit with us. We ate our ice cream happily that day, completely naive of what was to come that night.

As we got back to the house, Aunty told us, "Don't do anything irresponsible, like go outside late at night, or watch any scary movies, or watch TV until late at night, or do any pranks, or..." I kinda stopped listening at that point, because Emily had spotted something wrong with our front yard. "Look at that!" Emily softly exclaimed, as to not interrupt my rambling Aunt. "What's up?" I asked. "The boy isn't holding a knife!" "I'm sure there's a good reason," I replied. I also noticed that there was a large cut on his leg, but didn't alert Emily, because she didn't do well with blood. "Are you even listening to me?!" Aunt Matilda exclaimed. "It's ok, we'll be responsible." Emily said. "Fine." Aunty said, then walked off to her room. Emily can be good at sucking up at times.

We went out into the backyard, which was more like a strip of grass with a chain fence around it. Me and Emily always talked out there while the beautiful sunset was present. I wish we had turned around to look at the back door, though. Written in blood was "You will be mine, Claire." Signed with a knife violently stabbed into the door below it.

It was the boy's blood.

Chapter 3 by Emily Thompson

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gone insane since my parents died. I think of the possibilities. Maybe I'm just seeing things. But Emily saw it too.

Two weeks later, for the first time in almost 2 months, the boy showed up. I tried to figure out how he knew my name and if I knew him. Maybe my parents knew his parents? I wouldn't know. It's not like I could ask them. He had his knife and it looked like he had a very bad limp. Must be from when he cut himself, I thought. I looked a little closer and.

NO! It couldn't be. I shut the window and locked the door. I couldn't look for one more second at his face. The scarred face of my younger brother. I couldn't believe I didn't recognize him earlier. He had glasses and a hat every other time I saw him. This time he didn't. I remember how he was put up for adoption while I was sent to my Aunt Matilda's. My brother has always been jealous of me being sent to my Aunt Matilda's and after my parent's death, frankly he went a little insane. He would always take the head off of my dolls. He had a collection. I took one look outside and a lump rose in my throat.

It's him. My long lost brother has revealed himself for the first time since my parent's death.

I thought about telling Aunt Matilda but I changed my mind quickly. He wants me not her. I wouldn't want to put her in any more danger than she is already in. I decide to call Emily. She would know I'm not insane. She saw him too. "Hey Claire" she says, answering the phone. "Hey Emily, I was calling you to tell you the boy is back. And I figured out who he is." I said regretfully. "Who is it?" Emily asked in her usual, curious voice. "It's my brother," I say hesitantly "He was put into foster care when my parents were killed." "Really?!?" Emily says, fear creeping into her voice. "I'll be right over" Emily lives two doors down so I can always count on her to be here. When she finally showed up, my brother, Jake, was gone. We headed to our favorite spot in my house and tried to figure out what happened. She decides to stay the night. When I woke up I tried in vain to scream.

There is blood on the walls and Emily is gone, the place she was sleeping is messed up like she put up a fight. I call for Aunt Matilda. No answer. My phone is dead and I lost my charger

yesterday. I try to open the door to my room. It is locked from the outside. I checked, and my window is also locked from the outside. I'm trapped with no way out.

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How could this be happening? Is this real, is this in my head? I am panicking. My heart is beating fast, I feel like I am going to throw up. I remember something I learned about rape prevention, I let myself throw up all over my clothes, then I urinate myself. Do you still want me now, Jake you sick freak? Thinking this, I realize it is good that I know who is doing this, I will call him out.

"Jake you sick freak! Leave me alone! Give me back Emily! Stop this insanity! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME YOU PSYCHO?!?" I yell as loud as I can.

I wait for a response but nothing. My heart sinks... I'm still trapped in here. No food, no water, and the smell is getting pretty bad from my piss and vomit. I shake these thoughts out of my head. What is really important is Emily. I shouldn't have dragged her into this. I need to find her, I need to save her... But how? What can I do in this situation, I can't even save myself?

"Jake..." I whisper, "I will give you whatever you want... just let her go safely... Please!" I'm not sure if he heard me, but I had to say something. For a moment I don't think it worked, then I hear the door slowly unlocking from the outside.

Chapter 5 by Alexis Illescas



Then I see him and he looks a bit different this time, pale and with a crack on his glasses. At first I yell and say "GET AWAY YOU SICK FREAK" and then as if he was completely unaware of me talking to him he drops to the ground. What I didn't realize is that he was covered in blood and now I notice him shaking, I thought this is it I could escape and get the police to take him away if I run fast enough to Willow point were sheriff Lance always eats donuts. As I run towards the door Jake grabs me and says please don't they'll kill you. I tell him to get off me and he says to me "Don't you get it? I'm here to save you from Auntie don't you know that everything was left to you in a will from our parents since your older" at first I had no idea what he was talking about but then it hit me. The reason Jake always has a knife is because he fears any second my aunt will come to hurt him, besides that my aunt is almost never around and I remember once hearing screams and when I ran down the stairs my auntie said "not to worry dearie I was just killing the chicken were going to eat for dinner" that say I noticed the blood on her and that was also the day I saw Jake with the cut on his leg. So I looked to hi and said "where's Emily?" He didn't respond he just looked away a bit saddened by my question. So that moment he said "we

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the golfing club from the basement witch was open that grandpa Luis used to have when he lived here and I swung at the door knob and luckily the house was so old that it broke clean off and the door opened. Just then I heard a car in the distance and Jake looked to me and said "are you ready?" and I nodded again and we left straight out the doggy door even though it took me a bit longer since I was bigger than Jake. As we started to run towards this really big forest all I could think about is what happened to Emily and just then I tripped on something and hit my head on a rock I knew I was fading because Jake was telling me to get up but then I completely knocked out.

Then I awoke to Jake saying "hurry she's coming" I got up as fast I was could and although I had a throbbing headache I knew I had to run. I started to hear Aunty yelling in the distance that if we don't get back right now she's gonna find us and nail us down to a piece of wood in the basement. So we just kept running at this point I wondered were are we gonna go if we don't even know where we are. All lost in a forest running from family with my brother. What was happening?

Chapter 6 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



We ran and ran and continued to run until it got dark. I panted, but Jake seemed unfazed by all the running we had just done. I could not hear Aunt Matilda yelling for us anymore, but I was still scared. Jake sat down on a log and sat still while he waited for me to catch my breath.

"Where are we?"

"To be honest, Claire, I have no idea, but we have to keep running, or she's gonna find us," he said nervously, glancing around. "But can't we get some sleep?" "No, we have to keep going." I sighed.

"Well, come on, sis, we got a long way to go," Jake said, as he stood up and we both began to run again.

Chapter 7 by Daisy



They eventually found a city named Anatevka. It seemed like a cozy little city and they didn't want anyone to get nosey of why we were running. Soon enough we stopped. We then saw this

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They left and went to a trash can to see if there was any food. They ate other people's leftovers and then they went into the woods to go to sleep. They started to talk about that man but then, they dozed off to sleep.

Chapter 8 by LethalPianist



I woke up to manic laughter. My eyelids forced themselves open to the scene of Aunt choking my brother. He struggled, and sent weak blows at Aunt Matilda, but she had a big frame and her hands were well secured around his neck.

"Jake!" I screamed. I looked around for anything to help Jake with. There was nothing.

Nothing, except for the long piece of scrap metal lying in the corner, abandoned from some construction site. I picked it up. I groaned as I struggled under its weight.

"Arghh!" A guttural sound wrenched itself from my throat as I slammed it into my Aunt. I saw a flash of red as I fell backwards and tripped under the weight of the bar.

There was a shrill scream from my Aunt as I heard a curious sound. It was a squelchy noise, accompanied with a thump.

Then there was silence.

I slowly opened my eyes. Jake was in front of me, blood covering his entire body. A knife shone in his hand, and the grin on his face stretched wider and wider.

"All mine now..." He muttered. "The house, the money, the car, all mine..." He raised his knife and readied to bring it down on me.

Then there was a gunshot.

I widened my eyes as Jake toppled to his knees, and slumped onto the ground. Behind him was the man we saw earlier, only he was clearly younger than he looked back then.

"Hello, I'm detective Reynolds." The man introduced himself. "I have been investigating the case of your parents' death for some time now, Claire, and I've got to say." Horror danced behind his eyes.

"This is one messed up family you got here."

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